I Asked the Little Girl who Cannot See

I asked the little girl who cannot see;

“What colour is like?”

“Why red,” said she,

“Is like a sizzling fire burning through my soft hands;

Like a land that stretches forever on around me, that is brown;

And blue is the taste of the coldness of an ice-block on a humid summers day; the sound of tinkling is gold;

And Yellow, I think is like a warm comforting blanket covering my cold body; Black is a quiet darkness swept across the land.

By Jacqui